

wind vane which you
read in bed, the campus
at Charlottesville
filling that grand head.
I listen for your laugh
and help drink
your sherry.

Beyond the glare of sun
on white facade
we walked the black
passage of the Negro quarters.
Tom, you who knew the world
so well, I hope you freed
your slaves in some last
testament. It will help
me free mine.

The Weight Of It

The weight of it
not the body
rather her all of it.
I loved her
but she was heavy.

Country dancing
my shadow, spare
intellectual
swung from the
elephant's tail.
Talking she swallowed me
her voice cold cider
on a Vermont afternoon
if that means anything
to you.

Three years later
watching her cross
Harvard Yard
part of me
fingered the scar.
I loved her.
She was heavy.

-- Robert F. Stowell

Christchurch, New Zealand